

Dancehall Days by Yuri4Gwen

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Summary:

Billy had been an insecure teenager who was in love with the captain of the basketball team Steve Harrington but he never looked his way and his girlfriend Tina went out of her way to make his teenage years hell. The only bright spot in his life was his best friend Tammy Thompson and after they graduated they left for California where they opened a successful clothing company.

Their company becomes so successful that it was to be featured in vogue and they were surprised when the editor turns up and it's none other than Heather Holloway previous member of Tina's popular group. She casually mentions that their ten year anniversary is coming up.

Billy has never forgotten about Steve Harrington and he wonders if it's time to finally go back and face the past.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

Anonymous asked:
Romy and Michelle's high school reunion?

[Tumblr Post](#)

My Tumblr for my stories if you want to say Hi
[Edith-Moonshadow](#)

A huge thank you to Nameless-screamerxxx on Tumblr for being a great cheerleader, reading drafts and giving me suggestions on this story. Without your help this story really wouldn't be the same.

They say that high school is the best years of your life but to Billy that was a bullshit lie, they sold to people who peaked in high school. His high school experience hadn't exactly been a fairytale experience or an exciting exploration through hedonistic pleasures. It had been mostly boring, with some humiliation and angst thrown in for good measure. He'd remembered it as a time when he'd felt so insecure about his looks, his ideas and his future.

Every day felt like a walk through a particularly aggressive jungle, there was a hierarchy and everything you did was judged by your peers and those deemed weak were ridiculed or worse ostracized. The only bright spot in those dark times had been Tammy, they had formed a strong bond early and it never waived, sure they had dumb fights about dumb things but they had each other's back and they told each other the truth. They had weathered the high school storm together and the best decision he ever made was leaving Hawkins far behind and moving to California with his best friend.

They had been losers in high school but they'd had each other so the

cruel taunts from the popular crowd had stung but they hadn't been devastating. Moving to California had allowed them to finally become the people they always wanted to be, they had no history here, they were completely blank slates and they got to decide what they were.

For Billy it had been a journey of self-discovery, he had become the person he always wanted to be. He'd finally lost the puppy fat that plagued him throughout school, worked out until his body was sculpted muscle like all the Alpha's you saw in movies and he'd developed his unique sense of style. He had become successful, confident and best of all he still had Tammy.

Tammy had left Hawkins far behind her too, she had blossomed into a lovely young Omega and had become an accomplished seamstress. Designing and making their clothes had started as a hobby, a shared passion between them that drew them together but eventually it became their livelihood and they were about to be featured in Vogue.

Their life truly was a dream, they got to spend so much of their time together, they loved what they did, everything should have been perfect but even though they were highly accomplished for Billy there was something missing, a yearning for something that he tried to pretend wasn't there. He had done a good job of being happy for the past ten years but then the truth was brought starkly to the forefront when Heather Holloway came to his office.

Rebecca, his loyal secretary for the past six years had told him that the new fashion editor at Vogue was coming at three on Thursday and his excitement had made him miss her name the first time he heard it. He had spent that week making sure that everything was perfect, rearranging his office, making all the final preparations for the collection they were going to showcase, he was panicking whereas Tammy took everything in stride as usual.

Then on Thursday at around one, her sheepish face appeared in his doorway.

"You better not be here to tell me any bad news."

She smiled nervously.

“It’s not strictly bad news...”

He sighed.

“What is it then?”

“Well I don’t have bad news but something has come up with Betty so I need to leave. I should be back in time for Vogue if not at the beginning of the meeting I’ll be back in time for the photo shoot.”

“So gone for the hard part and back for the glory?”

She smiled widely at him and walked around his desk to throw her arms around him, squeezing him gently.

“I knew you’d understand.”

Betty Dunbar was an up and coming artist from L.A. who Tammy had met at an art exhibition around five months ago and it was love at first sight. He tried not to feel jealous but it was difficult sometimes, he was so used to being the main person in Tammy’s life that sometimes it felt a little crowded to let another person in. He also secretly resented their love, Betty was an Alpha just like him but Billy found it hard to form attachments to people, he was always chasing an ideal, one that didn’t exist or was trapped in the past. He had spent so much of his younger years protecting Tammy from overzealous or opportunistic Alphas that he still felt that protective instinct even now when he knew that Betty wasn’t that kind of Alpha. All it took was a particularly strong bite and an Omega’s life belonged to someone else.

He tried to focus on work after that but as three o’clock drew closer he became more and more nervous, the day felt like it was dragging and he couldn’t focus on anything but the meeting when finally to his relief Rebecca announced that Ms Holloway was there. He took a deep breath and plastered a smile on his face when she walked into his office and he had to do a double-take.

“Heather?”

Her face froze in a confused smile.

“Oh my god, it’s really you...”

Her confusion became more evident but Billy felt like he was in the middle of a fever dream. Heather Holloway had been a member of the most popular girls at Hawkins high, a small group consisting of only four girls but they had ruled the school. There was Heather, Carol Perkins, Vicki Carmichael and queen bitch herself Tina. Billy hadn’t thought about them in so long, when he’d first moved to California he’d tried so hard to suppress them, their taunts and mindless cruelty like a fresh wound that needed time to heal but the damage ran deep. Heather studied him carefully.

“It’s me, Billy Hargrove, we went to Hawkins High together.”

Her eyes widened a little in shock, Billy anticipated that he looked a lot different than he had in high school, and had worked very hard for that to be the case.

“Billy?”

“Yeah, wow it’s so good to see you and Vogue...”

She relaxed slightly at his words.

“God Tammy is never going to believe this...”

“Tammy? Your business partner is Tammy Thompson?”

“Yeah we moved out here together and designing clothes was always a passion so...”

“So she’s not bonded?”

Billy felt his old protective instincts flare up and he started to subtly scrutinise her.

“No, why?”

“Oh nothing I just thought she’d be bonded to Robin by now...a few kids, white fence the whole deal...”

“Robin?”

“Yeah, Robin Buckley she couldn’t stop staring at her the whole way through school...”

Billy tried to think back, his memories of Robin were mostly of her winning science trophies and coming top of the class in exams. He didn’t think Tammy had exchanged more than a few words throughout the entirety of high school.

“Are you going to the reunion?”

“Reunion?”

“Yeah, the ten-year reunion it’s like next month...”

A reunion? The idea of returning to Hawkins had never appealed to Billy, there were too many bad memories there that was one of the reasons why it had been so easy to leave, he wanted to be able to walk happily in the sun with Tammy there was nothing for him back there.

A cruel whisper in the back of his mind hissed ‘liar’ Billy had never wanted to return to Hawkins in reality but his dreams were a different story. In his dreams, Steve Harrington still haunted him.

“Why would anyone want to go back to Hawkins?”

Heather studied him closely for a moment and Billy wondered if she was remembering him, the chubby pathetic teenager he’d been, the cruel words uttered daily by Tina, she was always just Tina, sometimes he wondered if he gave her too much power. She was petite, pretty and slim with big brown eyes, she had the whole school at her feet but for Billy she was cruel, she was like a shark who smelled blood in the water as on his bad days she was always there looking perfect, a mean smile on her face and her hand wrapped tightly around Steve Harrington’s arm.

“Yeah, why would I want to return to the place that made my

teenage years a living hell?”

“I think everyone’s teenage years were a living hell that’s why we’re all glad they’re over.”

She looked a little sheepish for a moment then she spoke in a soft voice.

“I’m sorry about high school, Tina made my life hell too, just in a different way but that’s no excuse for how we treated you.”

Billy smiled reassuringly at her.

“All water under the bridge.”

She smiled back.

“So when do I get to see the new collection?”

The rest of the afternoon flew by in a haze of reminiscing, putting a rose-tinted glow on everything, comparing battle wounds inflicted by being a victim of the popular crowd and a prisoner of it. When Heather finally looked at the collection she was quiet, she walked around each piece slowly running her fingertips over them, a soft look on her face while Billy waited with bated breath. Then Tammy finally made her entrance.

“So sorry I’m late, the traffic was...Heather?”

“Hi, Tammy.”

Billy felt his nervousness return, but Tammy just walked into the room and took over as she always did and within a short space of time they were all discussing the new collection. When the photographer arrived to take the photographs for the article, Heather had picked out a few key pieces that she thought encapsulated their

style and Billy felt great relief. It had been a stressful day but it seemed it was going to have a good ending.

“Well, it was nice seeing you both.”

Tammy smiled at her.

“We should meet for lunch, have a proper catch-up.”

Heather nodded then smiled before she walked from the room. They both seemed to be holding their breath until it was clear that she was gone then they fell onto the couch in Billy’s office laughing with their arms around each other. Billy felt like a kettle that was finally getting to release all the steam trapped inside.

“Well, that was a pleasant surprise.”

“It was, I never thought I’d say that I enjoyed an afternoon with Heather Holloway.”

Tammy poked him in the side.

“I’m surprised you didn’t grill her for details on Steve...”

Billy felt a little shock fizzle under his skin, he hadn’t talked about Steve with Tammy for a long time. When he’d been an awkward teenager Steve seemed to fill his every waking moment and quite a few when he was asleep also. Yet after the move, he wanted a fresh start and had tried to push Steve from his mind, especially after what happened.

“Steve? Why would I ask her about him?”

Tammy gave him a scathing look.

“What?”

“Billy you might not say his name but I’m not blind.”

“Blind?”

“Veronica...”

“What about her?”

“Ryan...”

Billy glared at her as she brought her hand up to count off on her fingers.

“Jim...Taylor...Lenny...Sarah...Karl...”

“What’s your point?”

“Are you going to tell me to my face that they don’t all remind you of someone?”

“I have a type ok?”

“Yeah slim brunettes with big doe eyes and pretty faces.”

“What’s wrong with that?”

“Nothing but subtly has never been your strong point.”

Billy couldn’t stop thinking about Hawkins after that it was as though a dam had broken in his mind and his dreams had flooded out mixing with reality. School should have been his respite from home, moving out to Hawkins was supposed to be a turning point, the beginning of a better life for them but it hadn’t turned out that way. His dad became frustrated so easily and when things were going badly in his life he made sure that they were worse in Billy’s.

Unfortunately, assholes who lived to put other people down were everywhere and Hawkins high was full of them but it was the popular crowd that all the other assholes looked to for guidance. Seemingly like all popular crowds, they consisted of jocks and their cheerleader girlfriends, and amongst them was Tina and Billy hated her the most. Not because of the cruel things she said and did, they hurt but he had much deeper wounds it was because of the way that Steve Harrington looked at her.

He was Hawkins High's basketball king, tall with big perfectly styled hair, prettier than any girl in Hawkins and he had the most beautiful big doe eyes. For Billy, the first time he'd seen him it had been like a movie, like all the movies he watched with Tammy when the beautiful girl walks down the hall, the music swells and everything becomes slow motion as everything else fades away.

He had that slow-motion moment many times during high school, he would feel butterflies swarming his stomach as he gazed upon Steve's beauty. He'd sit far back in the bleachers against the wall in the corner watching him on the basketball court, he moved so gracefully and the image of his face getting flushed and sweaty got Billy through many a lonely night.

He never felt braver than when he greeted him in the hallway at school, Steve would turn his face blank as he looked at Billy as though he were confused as to why he felt he had the right to speak to him. Then he'd walk over and throw his arms around Tina while she complained loudly that he was messing up her hair.

In Billy's dreams, these interactions ended very differently, Steve's eyes would light up when he saw him and he wouldn't be able to control himself around Billy. Even now ten years later he still felt giddy about Steve pulling him into a passionate kiss, in front of everyone as he didn't care who saw, Billy would never push Steve away.

Ever since he'd come to California he'd been trying to find someone to replace his dream Steve, this had ranged from people who looked the complete opposite to people who could be his family. He'd spent too much time playing out his fantasies, maybe it was time to face the real thing.

2. Chapter 2

Summary for the Chapter:

Thoughts of returning to Hawkins consume Billy's thoughts but his experience at prom makes him think twice.

Soon thoughts of returning to Hawkins filled Billy's mind, ten years was a long time so much could change that had been true for Billy. He'd gone from an awkward chubby teenager who cared what everyone thought of him to a broad muscular Alpha who had everything he wanted. He much preferred the person he was today so who's to say Steve wouldn't.

Back when they were in high school Steve ignoring him made sense but not anymore, Billy had made himself the centre of attention everywhere he went, he was successful, desired. His mind supplied him with scenarios of returning to Hawkins, Steve catching his eye across the room and Billy would walk over, crowd him up against the wall. This time Steve would be the one to stutter and blush while he tried to discreetly take in Billy's new physique. He would whisper about all the things he wanted to do to Steve, all those fantasies from his youth, all those lonely nights having to stifle his moans with his hand under the covers so that no one would know, now they could be real.

Steve would look at him with his big eyes, his teeth leaving deep indents in his lip as his pupils dilated until Billy could see his desire reflected back at him. He could finally solve the mystery that his young teenage self had agonised over, one of the things about Steve that still haunted his mind. He would push his nose up against Steve's throat and finally, find out what his scent was. In high school, he'd never been able to get close enough but his mind burned with the need to know.

He wondered what Steve was like now? Had he aged like a fine wine or had the years been cruel to him? Billy knew it was stupid to still be daydreaming about a boy he'd had an infatuation with in high school, that it wasn't fair to compare other people he dated to the

Steve frozen in time in his mind. Maybe it was time to go back and face up to his past? Hopefully, he could purge Steve from his system either because he was no longer attracted or seduce him because there was no way he could live up to Billy's expectations. He felt a little flutter of fear in his stomach.

For Tammy life seemed to continue as normal, she was preoccupied with Betty and their collection and when he casually mentioned Hawkins in conversation it seemed as though it was the furthest thing from her mind. For him the past was taking over his every waking thought, he felt like that pathetic teenager back in Hawkins making moon eyes at Steve Harrington from across the room holding his breath and hoping he'd turn his way just once.

By the end of that week, his mind was so lost in the past that he couldn't keep track of the present. He'd been so preoccupied that day that Tammy turned up at his office with lunch for them both. He desperately wanted to broach the topic of the reunion but he didn't know if she'd be interested and that little sliver of fear persisted, why was he even considering this?

"Do you remember Robin Buckley?"

"Robin? Umm, oh she was the girl who won science trophies right?"

"Yeah..."

"What made you bring her up?"

"It was just Heather talked about her the other day..."

"Hmmm..."

"Yeah, she was talking about the reunion..."

"Reunion?"

"Our ten-year reunion..."

"I didn't realise it had been that long...is Heather going?"

"I don't think so..."

"I wonder if she still talks to Carol, Vicki and Tina, they seemed almost inseparable when we went to school..."

"I doubt it she seems nice if they'd remained friends she'd still be a bitch..."

"Billy, high school was a long time ago..."

"Do you not remember how they treated us, the fat jokes, the snide comments, Tina's smug face..."

"Some teenagers are just cruel, I think they were probably just insecure..."

"Prom..."

Tammy sighed heavily then stood up and walked around his desk so that she could put her arm around him.

"You don't know why that happened and it was so long ago, you've grown so much and I bet you have the kind of life most of them can only dream of..."

"Do you think...think that if he saw me now he'd..."

Tammy squeezed him.

"Billy you're too good for him, you were then and you are now, yeah he was pretty but there are plenty of pretty people everywhere especially here, why waste your time on him?"

Billy closed his eyes, he didn't know if he could honestly answer this question. He felt like he'd always wanted Steve's attention, that even now in California that felt as though it may as well be on the moon compared to Indiana he still thought about him. It was something that frustrated him greatly especially because of the way that Steve had treated him in high school. He'd never been as bad as his girlfriend but he hadn't exactly been a prince to Billy either, mostly ignoring him until their senior prom. Billy wondered sometimes if maybe he'd seen too many movies, it would explain why he thought that losing some weight and dressing better would mean that the most popular boy in school would look at him twice.

The summer before his senior year Billy had decided that something had to change so he started a diet and started lifting weights. At first, he hated it, he was always hungry, tired and his muscles ached but slowly he lost the weight and started to build muscle. By the time prom came around, he could see a few interested stares directed his way but there was only one person he wanted to bring to prom Tammy, they had planned it forever, coordinated their outfits and Tammy had talked about nothing else since they'd returned to school for their senior year. They'd spent weeks making their outfits, they stood out in a sea of taffeta and chiffon, dancing the night away knowing that they would soon be gone, onto a better life.

It was a bittersweet memory for Billy. He remembered the great night that he had with Tammy, the first time in his life that he felt free and close to the person that he wanted to be and then he remembered the humiliation with Steve. He'd noticed Steve when he'd first arrived, he was wearing a slim-cut tux, his hair was perfect as usual, his beautiful face lit up with excitement as everyone wanted to spend time in his presence.

He looked so happy and Billy couldn't stop his heart from swelling with joy when he looked at him. He also couldn't fully suppress his jealousy when the king and queen were announced, it was a foregone conclusion that it would be Steve and Tina but watching her smile with that little crown upon her head as she stood next to Steve made Billy's chest burn with envy.

The night was slowly coming to an end, the dance floor not as full as it had once been and Billy couldn't help his mind wandering. He stole glances at Steve from across the room, even though the night was almost over he still looked so put together even as everyone else wilted not a hair out of place, his tux was still neat and now a golden crown upon his head. Even with all of this Billy was distracted by the two prominent beauty marks that stood out starkly on his pale throat that he could see now just above his collar. Billy had wasted so much time thinking about them he would dream about how they would feel against his tongue, how sensitive they would be, he dreamed about

marking the skin around them so that they would become starker against his pale throat.

If Steve had been an Omega his bonding gland would be just behind the marks, he sometimes fantasized that he could see the bonding gland beating just under his skin, the beauty marks creating a map for Billy's tongue and teeth, how Steve would whine, a shudder under his skin as Billy finally made him his.

For now, he just wanted one dance, to feel Steve's body close to his, to finally get a taste of his scent and it was the end of high school, surely Steve would give him this one thing? He leaned over to whisper to Tammy.

"Do you think there would be any chance that Steve would dance with me?"

Tammy's eyes softened and she gave him a soft smile.

"How could he not? You look great."

Billy smiled at her then walked off in the direction that he'd last seen Steve. His breath caught when he saw him standing over by the punch bowl by himself, Billy took a deep breath and walked up to him, he felt like it was fated that when he wanted to talk to Steve he was alone. Steve had his back turned to him so he tapped him on the shoulder. Steve turned with a smile on his face that quickly died when he saw who had approached him, Billy felt his confidence falter but he chose to be brave.

"Hi, Steve, I was wondering if you know because it's prom if you'd like to...um dance with me?"

Steve's eyes widened as a flush came to his cheeks before he averted his eyes and Billy felt his heart beating in his throat. He couldn't help looking at the beauty marks on Steve's neck and moving a little closer, he felt his teeth ache, this was the closest he'd ever been to him throughout all of high school. The deep need within him grew to finally know his scent. Steve noticed him getting closer and backed up until he jostled the table making some of the punch spill out onto it. Steve couldn't look him in the eye as he moved around him,

putting more space between them. Billy's heart sank, why was he so stupid of course Steve would never want to be anywhere near him.

Steve took a deep breath, the flush on his face began to spread down towards his throat and Billy couldn't help the hope starting to flare within his chest. He decided it was all or nothing.

"It's the end of high school..."

"Ok."

Billy's heart skipped a beat; he couldn't believe this was happening.

"Really?"

"Yeah sure I mean it's probably the last time we'll ever see each other right? If you could just wait here, I'll be right back."

"Sure, I'll be here."

Billy watched him walk away through the crowd, he felt butterflies in his stomach as his mind filled with fragments from his dreams, he thought about the softness of Steve's lips, his big doe eyes closing over in pleasure, how his skin would taste under Billy's tongue. He scolded himself, it was only one dance.

He desperately wanted to run over to Tammy to tell her what had happened but he was too afraid to leave in case Steve returned so he waited. He could barely stand still, he could feel the energy thrumming under his skin.

Then he looked up and caught Tina's eye. She was standing just a few feet away but instead of the usual smug expression she wore towards him, she had tear streaks on her face as she glared at him from across the floor then she turned abruptly and ran away. Billy was stunned, had something happened with Steve then Heather Holloway appeared in front of him.

"How could you?"

"What?"

“You just broke Tina’s heart.”

“I haven’t even spoken to her...”

“Don’t play cute with me Hargrove, Steve just told her it was over.”

Billy felt as though his legs were about to give out from under him, he didn’t know what to say.

“Well, I hope you’re happy together.”

Then Heather stormed off and Billy stood trying to process what had just happened, could this be true? Did Steve feel the same way? He couldn’t wait for him to return so that he could ask him, had he been afraid of Tina? Of losing his popularity? Maybe he was afraid to make the first move and now that Billy had he felt more secure. He took a deep breath trying to calm his hammering heart and waited for Steve’s return with anticipation.

He waited.

And waited.

He stood for so long in one place that his legs started to hurt, he felt like he was turning to stone as he stood waiting for Steve to return. He looked around him, realising that there was hardly anyone left, there were a few couples left on the dancefloor, a few groups scattered around. He moved his aching legs walking in the direction that Steve had disappeared but he couldn’t find him, couldn’t find any of the popular crowd.

His throat burned as his vision blurred, why was he so stupid? Why would Steve Harrington ever want to be anywhere near him? He felt so frustrated at himself for getting his hopes up, he wiped angrily at his eyes then walked off in search of Tammy.

He found her trying to get away from Anthony Dwyer, an Alpha who had shared a maths class with her this previous semester who was swaying on his feet, his eyes glassy and his face flushed, he was drunk. Billy felt his protective instincts flare-up, he couldn’t believe he’d been across the room waiting for Steve like a loser while she’d been all alone.

He stalked over towards them, Anthony looked up just as he got to Tammy's side, his eyes widened and he tried to speak but only air escaped from his drunken mouth, the stench of beer almost overpowering.

Tammy watched him carefully for a moment when he felt her soft hand in his as she pulled him towards the dance floor. She pulled him close and he let her, finding comfort in her gentle floral scent.

"You're too good for him, you always were."

He swallowed thickly past the lump in his throat as he hugged her close, in a few days they would be gone and Billy never wanted to step foot back in Hawkins ever again. There was nothing for him here, only memories of pain, torment and heartbreak, he was taking the only good thing with him.

Back in the present, he felt Tammy squeeze his shoulder then she lay her head upon him, her floral scent filled him with a sense of calm.

"I always dreamed about bonding him, what his scent was like..."

"Wasn't he an Alpha?"

"Yeah I'm just talking about my dreams...he would have belonged to me..."

He felt Tammy stiffen a little and he winced internally, he felt like an insensitive bastard. For Omegas things were very different, a small bite, teeth breaking a little gland in their throat and suddenly their life belonged to someone else. It felt like both human nature and the law hadn't evolved much for Omegas. Billy had always protected Tammy as she was the most important person in the whole world to him but they'd both heard the horror stories. Things like Alphas bonding unsuspecting Omegas, being driven by their base instincts was not a thing that seemed to happen in Hawkins or if it did people got married at the end of a shotgun. In California things were different, people were freer, they lived their lives to the fullest and

sometimes that had consequences.

“I’m sorry Tammy...I don’t know what I’m saying...”

“It’s ok, you’re talking about teenage fantasies, I remember those, they’re not always logical or ethical.”

“How do you feel about the reunion?”

“How do I feel?”

“Yeah about maybe going?”

“Why would you want to go back there? We spent years dreaming about the day we’d finally be free and we are, so why go back?”

“Curiosity?”

“Steve Harrington you mean.”

Billy bit his lip.

“Billy you know it’s more than likely that he married Tina...why put yourself through that?”

Why did he want to put himself through that? Tammy was right, the chances that Steve would be single and waiting on Billy to return were as likely as him getting a dance at prom so why go?

“I have to know.”

He looked up and was met with Tammy’s sad eyes, she pulled him into a hug.

“I don’t want you to get hurt.”

“I won’t.”

He swallowed down the ‘I promise,’ it sunk deep in his stomach like a rock. He knew this was possibly the dumbest thing he’d ever done but he needed to get Steve out of his system or risk living the rest of his life chasing after a ghost.

3. Chapter 3

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy and Heather attend the reunion, will it be everything they hoped it would be?

The following week he walked into his office to find Heather there with Tammy, even though he had a spacious office they were standing very close together, Tammy's face was flushed and there was tension within the room. He felt his protective instincts go haywire.

"I'm not interrupting anything am I?"

Tammy turned towards him with guilty eyes and her flush grew deeper.

"N...n-no...we were...just talking about Hawkins..."

He looked over at Heather who gave him a sheepish smile then Tammy walked quickly to the door.

"I completely forgot I have a phone call due with one of our suppliers, it was nice seeing you again Heather."

"You too Tammy."

Tammy closed the door and he turned towards Heather with his eyebrow raised.

"What was that all about?"

"Just some girl talk. I'm here to see you."

"Me?"

"Yeah, a little birdie tells me you're thinking about attending the reunion."

"And if I was?"

“Would you like some company? Maybe a little moral support when you need to get blackout drunk because Steve Harrington is married to Tina.”

“You know that for a fact?”

“No, just an educated guess.”

Billy took a deep breath.

“Why do you want to go back?”

“Well, Robin isn’t bonded to Tammy so I have to know if there’s a chance?”

“She was an Alpha right?”

“Yeah she was, I used to stand beside Tina while she ridiculed them for being smart and ambitious but I could never take my eyes off Robin, her cute little outfits, the way her eyes would light up when a particularly hard science equation came up...but she only had eyes for textbooks and Tammy, then Tina noticed my interest...I had to lie, an Alpha interested in another Alpha...well it was Hawkins...”

Heather’s eyes had become glassy and unfocussed and Billy realised that they weren’t so different after all.

“All this time and I thought I was the only pathetic loser who attended Hawkins High.”

She laughed.

“Trust me you weren’t, so do you want some company?”

“Sure, misery loves company.”

Over the next several weeks Heather became a bit of a fixture in their lives, she had dinner with them several times a week, would call

Tammy on the phone every other day and she'd join Billy in the gym after work. He had increased his weights, he didn't need to but he wanted to look better than perfect when he arrived back in Hawkins. The gym was a good place to take out his frustrations and work through his fears. Some of his dreams had morphed into nightmares where Steve laughed at how pathetic he'd become, pining away for him while Steve lived a perfect life with Tina, small children at their feet, probably a dog and a white picket fence, he'd been spending too much time with Heather.

The day before the reunion Billy couldn't sit still, he still had so many things left to do, he had to book the helicopter that he and Heather were arriving in which was her brilliant idea for them to arrive in style and they did have a company helicopter for certain events. He still had to fully decide on an outfit, he wanted to look good but not like he was trying too hard. In the end, his stomach was tied in knots, he was completely frozen in indecision and Tammy took care of everything for him. She turned up at his house to tell him that she had booked him and Heather into rooms in the only hotel in Hawkins which coincidentally was where the reunion was being held. She took one look at him and then she sorted out everything else, just like she always did.

Finally, the night of the reunion came, as the helicopter landed everyone came out to watch them step out, Billy felt like a mini-celebrity the navy suit that Tammy had chosen for him fit like a glove and Heather looked stunning in her red suit with her hair pinned up off her face, her lips painted an alluring shade of red to match. She looked so confident like nothing was bothering her but he knew that she was secretly terrified, they were both putting on a front but inside they knew that tonight was monumental for them.

When they entered the ballroom in the hotel that held the reunion, so many people, many that Billy barely remembered or that looked so different he didn't recognise them, came up to talk to them. Billy didn't want to engage in small talk with people he hadn't seen in ten years, he wanted to find Steve. He had been the only thing on his

mind for the past several weeks, he had planned so much for this night, he desperately wanted it to be perfect even if he was secretly terrified that he was going to go home feeling more pathetic than he had in years. He couldn't help fidgeting and scanning the crowd looking for Steve, he felt Heather squeezing his arm and he took a deep calming breath.

Soon the excitement around them died down a little as the drinks flowed and more people filled out the room. Billy had partaken in a few drinks to try and calm his nerves and then Robin had entered the room and stole Heather's attention. He watched as she took a huge gulp of her drink but stood glued to the spot.

"You didn't come all this way to stare longingly at her from across the room, did you?"

"No, but..."

"No buts Holloway, you going to miss this chance and dream the next ten years of your life away?"

She sighed then downed the rest of her drink.

"Wish me luck."

"You don't need it."

She gave him a slightly uncertain smile and walked over towards Robin. He watched his own heart beating rapidly hoping that it went well for her. Robin smiled at her when she reached her, a soft flush to her cheeks and he saw Heather relax slightly. He decided it was time to face his ghost, he took a deep breath and walked around the reunion. Many people called his name and tried to engage him in conversation but he was too nervous to talk to anyone so he made his excuses and kept looking.

"Billy Hargrove."

Billy grit his teeth he would know that voice anywhere, it had haunted his nightmares during his time at school, every time he was having a bad day, his clothes wouldn't sit right, he'd been ignored by Steve even if he'd just dropped his books it seemed like Tina was

there, looking perfect and with that smug look on her face. He felt his muscles tense as he turned towards her, she didn't look much different than she had in high school, still that same smug expression. Flanking her just as they had done through high school was Carol Perkins, Vicki Carmichael both of them were heavily pregnant both women were wearing dresses that emphasised their bumps. Billy couldn't help noticing that Tina's stomach was flat.

"Hello ladies, long time no see."

"I hear you run a dress shop."

"Well, it's a little more than that..."

"So it seems as though you are one of the success stories from our class...congratulations."

"Thank you."

Carol moved forward slightly, her hand resting gently on her bump.

"Well of the people who left Hawkins some of the people who remained have been pretty successful too."

"Congratulations on your children."

"Thank you but that wasn't what I was talking about."

"Oh?"

"Yeah, Tina administers Harrington real estate and is top saleswoman and has been for the past five years."

Tina smiled at him.

"I know our simple success stories probably seem very insignificant to you since you left for a big city and I suppose I should come clean I did only get the job because my husband will one day inherit the business."

Billy's heart sank into his stomach, he tried to keep the hurt out of his voice but he didn't think he was successful as her eyes lit up and a

smile split her face.

“You married Steve Harrington?”

She brought her left hand up towards her face, the light catching on a simple gold band and a diamond engagement ring.

“Yes well everyone knew we were childhood sweethearts, Steve wanted to get married right away, he always said we were destined to be.”

Billy could feel his chest constrict, this was the one thing he had desperately wished wasn't true

“How about you Billy? Were you lucky in love?”

Her eyes lit up with glee and Billy felt his anger rise, it started in the pit of his stomach and bubbled up into his chest, burning through him like he'd swallowed battery acid. He wanted so desperately to tell Tina to go fuck herself but he knew that if he did he wouldn't be able to say it, he would scream it right into her smug face but that would only cause a scene. He knew that's what she wanted, she was a part of the community here whereas Billy was a stranger. So instead he glared at her and stormed off in the direction of the bar, he desperately needed a drink.

He got to the bar and ordered a double whiskey, it burned on its way down his throat, and he quickly ordered another. He could feel the frustration building within him, his throat hot and his eyes watering, he blamed the whiskey even though he knew it wasn't true. Part of him wanted to find Heather, he needed to see a friendly face but he didn't want to interrupt her time with Robin so he just started to walk slowly back towards his hotel room.

As he walked across the room towards the exit he realised that the hotel had installed a smaller bar with a seated area, that hadn't been there when he'd been younger and the Hawkins hotel was the worst kept secret for seniors to get served drinks. He looked into the area when he saw a small group of people all gathered in a circle, they were laughing and cheering on the people in the middle. His curiosity got the better of him and he walked over to see what was happening.

In the centre of the circle were two men, a tall slender one and a shorter broad one, it was hard to make out much else as they were twisted into a strange shape doing some kind of challenge. He walked closer just as the shorter one fell over, his legs getting too twisted to hold the pose any more to the delight of the crowd.

Then they both turned and Billy became frozen to the spot his heart hammering in his ears drowning out the cheers of the crowd. In the centre stood Steve Harrington and his old friend from high school Tommy Hagan. Back in high school, Tommy had acted as an attack dog for the popular crowd, anyone who wronged them usually ended up on the wrong end of Tommy's fists. He wasn't very tall but he was broad and ruthless, he was sure many people had scars from Tommy both physical and emotional, he had also been Carol's Alpha for much of high school and he noticed that Tommy had a gold band on his finger when he slapped Steve's shoulder.

Steve Harrington looked like time had stood still, he was still slender, beautiful with perfectly styled hair and those same big doe eyes that had been a huge part of Billy's sexual awakening. If it were possible he looked more beautiful than he had in high school, he had an air of confidence that had probably come with age, his smile wide and welcoming to everyone who currently stood around him. Billy moved closer to the circle to see what was being said.

"Ok, we have to give Tommy a fighting chance how about best outta three?"

Everyone laughed and Tommy shook his head.

"C'mon man this is a no-win situation for me, you do that yoga stuff, we should like lift weights or something I could probably win at that."

"Tommy where are we gonna find weights?"

"I'll lift people I don't care."

The crowd started to laugh at him with people saying 'no thanks Tommy' and 'remember what happened last time?' Steve laughed. Then he turned away from everyone and knelt on the floor then he

brought his feet up behind him so that he kind of looked like a frog. Then to everyone's delight, he leaned forward on his hands and brought his legs up behind him but still tucked into his body. He held this pose while Tommy shook his head and declared loudly that he needed another drink. The crowd cheered around them but for Billy, their voices faded away.

He thought he was going to swallow his tongue watching Steve hold the perfect balance, his arms shook a little but for Billy, he couldn't take his eyes off Steve's ass, this pose accentuated his already perfect ass, putting it fully on display his dress trousers pulled taut across it and he felt a little jealousy that so many people were getting to look at him in this position. Steve slowly lowered his legs back down then stood with a slightly rosy face and accepted the congratulations from those around him as people started to head back out into the main room.

Billy took a deep breath and approached him.

"Wow, that was impressive."

Steve looked up in surprise, he looked at Billy carefully for a moment then a soft grin spread across his face.

"Thanks, man, it's yoga ever heard of it?"

Billy nodded.

"I discovered it about six years ago, I do it at least twice a week and I swear it's changed my life, it's not just exercise but a whole mediation thing, it's helped me..."

He blushed slightly and averted his eyes.

"Sorry, I'm sure you don't want to hear about my exercise routine, my name's Steve Harrington."

He held his hand out and Billy gripped it in his, his hand was cool, soft and Billy didn't want to let go.

Steve raised his eyebrows at him waiting on Billy introducing himself but he wanted to remain a stranger just for a little longer.

“Billy.”

“You know someone who went to Hawkins High?”

“Yeah, you could say that.”

“I can’t believe it’s been ten years next thing we know it’ll be our twenty-five-year reunion.”

Steve laughed but it sounded bitter and hollow.

“You go to Hawkins High?”

“Yeah I’ve lived here all my life, I was captain of the basketball team, my wife was a cheerleader...”

Billy bit the inside of his cheek, he didn’t want to ask this question but a dark part of him had to know.

“Childhood sweethearts then?”

Steve’s eyes got a faraway look.

“Yeah, something like that...”

“You ok?”

“Sorry we don’t even know each other but there’s something familiar about you...it’s just been a bad week, my dad he’s been on me about some things at work and Tina...she wants to know why we don’t have a bunch of kids running around like everyone else...”

Billy had heard rumours about Mr Harrington, that he was a real hardass who was obsessed with his image and money. Did Steve not want children because of his parents?

“Not the paternal type?”

As Billy watched Steve’s eyes became glassy as a frown took over his face.

“No I’d love to have kids but...but I guess it just wasn’t meant to be...”

“Sorry.”

Steve shook himself.

“I’m sorry this is supposed to be a happy occasion and I’m being a morose drunk, I haven’t even asked you who you know.”

Billy bit his lip, should he come clean? He decided he didn’t want to yet if Steve didn’t recognise him that had to be fate. He gulped his whiskey.

“I knew a few people but I guess I remember Tammy Thompson and Billy Hargrove best.”

A soft flush spread across Steve’s face making Billy’s teeth ache.

“Billy Hargrove?”

“Yeah, do you remember him?”

“Eh a little yeah, he was an Alpha, he and Tammy were close.”

Steve got that same faraway look as his flush deepened and Billy unconsciously moved closer until all of a sudden Steve’s eyes widened and he looked up in alarm. His lips moved silently forming Billy’s name causing Billy’s heart to quicken.

“Eh, I’m sorry I completely forgot...I need to...eh...”

He started to fidget and move away from Billy but for Billy, it had been a decade of needing to know and he couldn’t let this be all there was so he grabbed Steve’s arm, this was the closest he’d ever been to Steve and he wasn’t ready to let go yet.

“There’s no rush.”

“No really...I need to...Billy please...”

Suddenly a sweet scent like a sun-ripened clementine invaded his senses. It was subtle, zesty with a hint of floral to it making Billy’s mouth water and his mind was transported back to warm sandy beaches with his mom. He unconsciously emitted a growl and Steve

whimpered in response, his eyes widened as he quickly scanned the room. A couple in the corner looked up at them in confusion and without thinking, Billy gripped Steve's arm tighter and pulled him out of the small bar area. Steve followed with little resistance and before Billy knew what he was doing he had pulled Steve into his hotel room just down the hall from the reunion.

He slammed Steve up against the door once it was closed, Steve averted his eyes as his flush continued to deepen until he looked sunburnt.

"You're an Omega."

It wasn't a question, Steve's scent was sweet and floral just like an Omega's and in the small space of Billy's hotel room, it was becoming overpowering. Steve shook his head.

"What? No, I'm a beta."

Billy moved over pushing his nose up against Steve's trembling throat, he inhaled deeply the sweet smell of oranges making his mouth water.

Steve shook underneath him.

"Yeah? Is that why your wife is the only one among her friends not to have any kids running around? Could it be because the only way for you to have any is to get knocked up with a good hard knot?"

He licked over Steve's neck pressing his tongue into his flesh, licking over the two raised beauty marks that had haunted his dreams. He then closed his eyes and licked past them until he felt a small hard nub, he licked over it enjoying Steve's shudder until he placed his mouth over it and sucked hard. Steve whined and melted against him. Billy scraped his teeth over his gland causing Steve to dig his fingers into his shoulders so hard that Billy eased off slightly.

"Is that why you ignored me in school huh Baby? You wanted my knot so bad that you were afraid to get too close...did I make you wet sweetheart? Did you have to satisfy yourself with your fingers? Poor baby, that must have been so frustrating..."

He kissed his way down Steve's throat, that sweet citrusy scent becoming stronger as he licked over his skin. Billy could feel his control slipping, he couldn't believe that all his teenage fantasies were within reach but a little anger started to mix in with his pleasure. All those times Steve had ignored him, how he'd been humiliated at prom, it all swirled within him.

"Had to make daddy proud though, didn't you Princess? Keep your dirty little secret close...marry someone who only wants your name... who won't think too much about the fact that the sex isn't that good...maybe she has to go elsewhere... because we both know you're not gonna satisfy her...you're the one who needs to be satisfied...has anyone ever taken care of you Baby?"

He pulled back but Steve averted his eyes, biting his lip so hard that Billy could see the blood welling up between his teeth. Billy pulled him into a harsh kiss, the coppery tang of his blood making Billy growl into his mouth.

"Fuck Princess tell me you need it...tell me how much you want my knot..."

He pulled back again to look at Steve only this time he was glaring at him, his face flushed and his jaw firm. Billy smiled sweetly at him before he pulled him into another kiss biting down on Steve's abused lip until a little more blood seeped out and he licked it into his mouth. He then kissed his way down to Steve's bonding gland cruelly scraping his teeth over it, Steve shivered, a moan he tried to keep down escaping. Billy growled into his skin.

"Better yet why don't you show me?"

Steve's mouth fell open in shock, his eyes wide as he stared at Billy.

"W-what?"

Billy licked his teeth.

"You heard me, Princess, I know you must need it...Has anyone ever touched you? The way you need to be touched..."

Steve swallowed thickly looking down at the floor.

“Yeah I didn’t think so, it’s kinda hard to keep a secret in this hellhole of a town.”

Billy moved back and sat down on the bed, on the outside, he hoped that he looked cool, calm and collected on the inside he was panicking. He had been obsessing over Steve Harrington for as long as he could remember, for the majority of that time Billy had been the pathetic one, the one with no power but now things were different. He had something that Steve desperately wanted and maybe if he played his cards right he’d get what he wanted in return.

Steve started to bite down on his abused lip again as he studied Billy carefully. Billy let all those secret feelings he used to be ashamed of flow through his mind when he was a pitiful pudgy teenager who was besotted with the beautiful basketball team captain who he knew was completely unattainable and mostly treated him as though he didn’t exist.

Yet he could never keep them completely repressed no matter how hard he tried, he locked them deep down inside himself only letting them out at night in the darkness of his room, stifling his moans so no one would ever find out. Now he let them run free through his mind, Steve looking at him with adoration in his eyes, pulling him in for passionate kisses, Billy’s name mewed as Steve’s sweet agony became too much and as the thoughts flowed so did Billy’s scent.

Like all Alphas his scent was more musky and overpowering than Steve’s sweet scent, it spoke of fire, danger, and Steve was powerless against it. Soon his head fell back against the door as he whined low in his throat, he then opened his eyes that looked almost black, a pout upon his lips as he begged Billy.

“Please...Please...”

“Show me.”

Steve swallowed thickly then walked on unsteady legs towards Billy.

“I don’t know how...please Billy...please...”

“I want you to strip, then get yourself nice and ready for me...use

your fingers nice and slow...stretch that tight little hole for me..."

Steve looked at him with uncertainty in his eyes so Billy slowly spread his legs and patted his thigh. Steve walked over briskly and when he reached him, Billy quickly undid his trousers pulling them down. Steve looked down at the ground his breathing becoming deep as he stepped out of his shoes and his pooled trousers. Billy admired his toned long legs as he stood in front of him in just a shirt and his underwear.

"Those too."

He slid his fingers over the waistband of Steve's underwear then sat back while Steve pulled them down and off with shaking fingers. He stood back up straight his eyes averted, his face flushed and his teeth in his lip and Billy was so hungry. He felt as though his whole life was leading to this moment when he finally got to touch Steve Harrington but he wanted to draw out the sweet agony for a little longer. He didn't know if he'd ever get to touch again.

He took a discreet breath then patted his spread thighs, Steve watched his hand as his flushed deepened.

"C'mere, Princess."

Steve took a deep breath then spread himself across Billy's thighs, his face turned away towards the floor and his ass raised high. Billy placed a soothing hand on his trembling lower back. He slowly slid his hand down over Steve's soft unmarked skin, his teeth ached to bite down relishing Steve's whimpers as he made him fall apart with his teeth firmly embedded in his skin. He leaned forward towards Steve's ear to whisper into it.

"How about you put all that yoga to good use and get yourself ready for me..."

Steve whined as Billy slid his hands down onto his ass spreading him wide so that he could see his small pink hole shiny with slick.

"Look how wet you are just from a little kissing and touching...you must be desperate Sweetheart...well if you want this little hole..."

Billy ran his fingertip over Steve's hole groaning low when it fluttered underneath some slick running down towards his quivering thighs.

"To take my knot you're going to need to get it ready..."

Steve brought his hand around behind his back then at a slightly awkward angle he brought it down towards his hole. Billy held him open as one of those long sublime fingers he had admired during many a basketball game back in high school slid down. Billy couldn't help the growl that escaped him as Steve's finger slowly slid into his hole, it opened up so beautifully for him more slick escaping around the appendage, Steve's scent becoming stronger. He could feel Steve's breathing become more ragged across his thighs as he moved the finger in and out, the slick coating it catching the light and making Billy feel lightheaded.

"Put in another, that's a good boy."

Steve slowly slid the finger out then brought his middle finger up alongside it, his hole resisted slightly this time finally slowly spreading around them as they were welcomed into his body as Steve mewed his body writhing. Soon Steve's thighs were coated in slick as he undulated on Billy's thighs, he panted.

"Billy, please...I need you please..."

"You need something bigger to satisfy you, Princess?"

"Yes..."

"What do you need?"

"K-knot...please I need your knot..."

Billy ran his finger down over Steve's thigh collecting a little of his slick on it then he brought it to his lips, Steve was so sweet and Billy needed more.

"Ok, Baby I'll give you what you need."

He wrapped his arms around Steve's waist and pulled him up and off

his thighs turning him and depositing him on the bed behind them. Steve looked up at him his big beautiful eyes pleading as Billy lay down on top of him and pulled him into another desperate kiss. Steve wrapped his legs around Billy writing against him, his slick soaking the front of Billy's trousers as his cock pushed against the inside until it started to hurt. He quickly undid his trousers pulling out his cock to Steve's delight, he pulled back from the kiss to start peppering kisses over Billy's face while whispering into his skin.

"Please...please...please..."

Billy pushed his cock up against Steve's fluttering hole as Steve threw his head back on a cry, he pushed it in slowly relishing the feeling of Steve's body opening up beneath him. He had to take a few deep breaths, his entire body felt like it was on a knife's edge, he bit down on his inner cheek hard to try and ground himself. He'd wanted this for so long and it had always felt like an unattainable dream but now it was happening and he wanted it to be good for Steve, memorable maybe he'd let him be with him again. He knew that it was foolish to get his hopes up as Steve still lived in a small town with a big secret but Billy would be willing to do anything to get to have this again.

He started at a steady pace encouraged by Steve's cries of pleasure and his scent taking over Billy's senses. He pushed his nose back up against Steve's throat, licking up his salty-sweet sweat as he growled into his skin. He unconsciously sought out Steve's bonding gland. Once his tongue felt the two little raised marks on his throat he knew where he had to go to get to his gland. He licked over it while Steve fell apart below him, he couldn't resist sucking it into his mouth. His mind wandered to all those nights that he'd dreamed about Steve being his and his only. When he'd been younger it had been the ultimate dream so much of his life had been trying to prove that he was good enough, to his mom, to his dad, to his peers and most of all to Steve.

He had always wanted Steve to look his way, to just see him for who he was, to see that he was worthy of him. He had spent the last ten years of his life building a successful business, making himself as appealing as possible everything an Omega could ever want and now he had Steve, could he let him go?

He was much better suited to him than Tina. She was just a bitchy Beta who didn't know how lucky she was, she didn't deserve Steve. Billy started to bite down on Steve's throat just shy of his bonding gland causing him to writhe against him.

His need started to build within him, he could have everything he ever wanted, ever dreamed of and Steve would be taken care of, Billy would give him anything he ever wanted or needed.

'... I'd love to have kids but...but I guess it just wasn't meant to be...'

Billy's mouth watered, his teeth ached and his mind filled with static as he bit down hard, Steve went stock-still beneath him as a high pitched wail started in his chest and escaped through his open gasping mouth, his hole fluttered around Billy's cock causing his knot to form almost painfully as Steve's sweet blood filled Billy's mouth.

Part of him wanted to shove his knot into Steve's wet hole, to tie them together, to feel Steve struggle to take him before his body finally opened up and accepted him inside, then he would be his always.

Yet there was a small dark twisted part of himself that he knew got broken that night of prom, of coming back all these years later and seeing that cruel little tilt to Tina's mouth, she knew. He hadn't known when he was younger, he was so self-conscious about how he felt about Steve but he could see it now, how white Steve's skin turned around her tight grip, those smug looks his way and that vicious little performance at prom.

She had known and had spent years rubbing it in his face because she thought she was better than him, well not anymore. That dark part spread through him like an obfuscating fog, thick and forbidding, any part of Billy that cared about hurting someone else was getting lost in the darkness, he wanted revenge and he wanted everyone to know the truth, that Steve Harrington belonged to him.

"Please, please knot me, I need it please..."

Steve's voice had devolved into a desperate whine, Billy pulled back to look into his face, his eyes were big and pleading, his mouth a

downturned pout as his pleas fell from his lips. His face grew hopeful when he saw that Billy was paying him attention.

“Please Alpha...please don’t you want me to be yours? Please...”

That love-struck teenager in his head was screaming at Billy to give Steve what he wanted, what they both wanted but the vengeful part of him was too strong, years of pain and frustration making him wrathful. He slid his hand down to his knot squeezing down on it so that his cock started to pump come into Steve who let out a pitiable whine at being denied the one thing he needed at this moment.

Billy’s come flooded Steve’s hole but with nothing there to keep it inside it quickly flowed back out covering his shaking thighs. With great difficulty Billy pulled out, wincing as he pushed his still hard cock back into his trousers. He quickly did them up then leaned down and grabbed Steve’s trousers off the floor throwing them at him. They landed on his chest, Steve’s beautiful eyes grew sorrowful as he looked at them.

“Put them on.”

“But...”

“I don’t have time to argue.”

Steve looked at him with a stricken expression and Billy almost cracked, he forced himself to turn his back on him. He then felt Steve at his back and he turned to look at him, he was dishevelled, his face flushed, eyes glassy, his usually perfectly styled hair was in disarray and on his neck there was a large purple mark, a small trickle of blood running down onto his shirt collar where Billy’s teeth had snapped the bonding gland.

“Follow me.”

He walked briskly from the room slowing down now and then to make sure that Steve was still behind him, he was unsteady and unsure but he dutifully followed. When they re-entered the reunion Billy could see people’s shocked expressions looking behind him as people started to turn to each other with scandalised faces, their

murmurs indistinguishable to his ears. The only time he faltered was when he saw Heather's horrified face, her pensive stare felt heavy on his skin.

He walked until Tina was in front of him, she stared at him with those same cruel eyes. Then her attention was caught by Steve behind him. Billy looked over his shoulder at Steve, his flush had deepened under the weight of all the stares, he had brought his hand up in an attempt to cover his mark but it just drew more attention to it and his fitted trousers that Billy had been admiring earlier in the night had a growing dark patch as Billy's come continued to leak out of Steve. Their eyes connected Steve's pleading and Billy's full of repentance as guilt stabbed through his chest so sharply that it felt like someone had shoved an ice pick into his heart.

He turned back towards Tina; her face was white with fury, a burning hatred in her eyes mixed with astonishment. Through his conflicting emotions Billy wondered if she hadn't known Steve's secret either, he smirked at her, he'd learned his secret and won, Steve would always be his now, her ring was a worthless piece of metal wrapped around her finger. She averted her eyes, she knew that she'd lost.

Billy walked back over to Steve, he felt pain at the anguish in his eyes. He pulled him into a soft kiss, Steve tried to resist for a moment but then he tentatively kissed back. Billy pulled him close to whisper in his ear.

"I'm so sorry, I let my anger get to my head...I promise I'll never do anything like this again and I will spend the rest of my life making it up to you...anything you want, your wish is my command..."

Billy felt tears form in his eyes, how could he let his anger at Tina possibly run the one thing he'd dreamed about since he was thirteen. He looked at Steve, he had an angry pout on his face. He whispered back harshly.

"You better take me back to your room and knot me right now or fuck the bond I'm leaving."

Billy took his hand giving it a gentle kiss as he led Steve from the reunion and back to his room. Once they were alone he pulled him

over to the bed and slowly undressed him, every newly exposed piece of skin was softly kissed until Steve was naked under him. Then he quickly pulled his clothes off. He lay down on top of Steve shivering at the feeling of his soft cool skin then he pulled Steve into a passionate kiss. Steve pulled back from the kiss a wounded look in his eyes.

“Why?”

“I’m sorry Baby, she made my high school experience hell and it just consumed me for a moment...”

“I was married to her for eight years...you didn’t have to humiliate me in front of everyone I’ve known since I was a kid...”

Billy leaned down and licked slowly over the indents left by his teeth in Steve’s neck relishing his shiver. He pushed himself more securely in between Steve’s thighs pressing his hard cock up against Steve’s fluttering hole. He felt Steve relax slightly, a whimper escaping him as Billy pushed inside. He started a steady rhythm revelling in the sounds that Steve couldn’t contain until his knot formed. He crowded in closer to Steve grinding his knot into him, basking in his moans as his body slowly gave way, his knot popping into place and locking them together.

Steve convulsed, his face going slack with pleasure as he came, his hole squeezing down on his knot, massaging it until Billy was overcome with pleasure himself. He collapsed down on top of Steve, kissing every part of him within reach.

“You didn’t answer my question.”

“Hmmm...”

“I asked you why, anger at Tina kinda explains it but not fully...”

Billy sighed.

“I’ve been secretly in love with you since I was thirteen, I moved to California and it didn’t change anything...I’d dream about you so often I should have just stayed here and remained the miserable person I was in high school. There’s always been a deep angry part of

myself that wanted you to belong to me completely...I used to dream that you were an Omega then I came here...back towards my pathetic past self and Tina had married you, taken everything I wanted with a cruel smile on her face and then sweet clementines... you could be mine but that angry dark part remained and it obscured everything for a moment but never again because you're mine right?"

"Well, you kinda bonded me so..."

Billy pulled back to look at him sharply.

"Steve, I'm serious."

Steve looked deep into his eyes.

"I felt the same way, not the angry part but I felt drawn to you for a long time too but my dad he...no Omegas in the Harrington family so I had a part to play to keep him happy but then Tina wanted kids... well we both did but you know..."

Billy pulled him into another kiss, he tried to pour all his frustration and all the apologies he couldn't even begin to form into words. When he pulled back he kissed his way over Steve's face and back to his ear, his lips trembled as he spoke.

"I love you."

Three little words that had been trapped in his heart for so long with only one name wrapped around them like a kitschy tattoo from yesteryear. Steve Harrington. He took a deep breath and looked into Steve's eyes. Would a beautiful creature like Steve ever be able to love someone like Billy? Then he noticed that his eyes had softened and slowly a tender smile spread across his lips and Billy kissed him again.

Steve walked into his office with a smile on his face, he had a rosy glow, his hair a little softer than its usual style as he gestured out the door.

“Robin just told me to remind you that Tammy told you about dinner.”

“Dinner?”

“Yeah remember it’s their six month anniversary and we promised that we’d go to Heathers for dinner.”

“That’s tonight?”

“Yeah.”

Billy smiled and patted his thigh, Steve’s face lit up in delight and he walked over and sat down on Billy’s thigh leaning back against his chest.

He produced a paper bag and held it up to him.

“Lunch? How did I get so lucky?”

“Lucky isn’t the word I would use.”

Billy pulled Steve’s hand close to him kissing his palm, he took a moment to admire the simple platinum band that he’d replaced the previous tawdry gold one with. He placed the bag on his desk and placed a lingering kiss on Steve’s neck.

“How about grateful?”

Steve snuggled into him more and he placed his hand on Steve’s swollen stomach, Steve placed his hand over Billy’s giving it a gentle squeeze.

“I love you...both of you.”

“I love you too, now eat your lunch.”

Billy gave him one more kiss and opened up the bag.

“Your wish is my command, Princess.”